

he is out of place
in the center of
all that mown yellow
under the landing planes ...
the buses going by ...

he cannot change himself into
another shape
or move
unless the gathering wind
shall come and separate him
from the clumped position:

then what will i conjure
staring through the window

INTERVIEW US, WE HAVE NEWS

interview us we are
sitting in quiet kitchens
we are watching the trees
above houses

(oh rise, then, like
ghosts above roofs,
winter branches)

we are sipping cold coffee
forgotten in brown cups
by scissors and pieces and
pieces of paper.
a red, pen
hurries words on a page

(oh early poems, so
loud with your first say)

come ask us who
we are
and what have we done to make
a story

(we have polished our fingernails
we have combed our hair
we have eaten an apple)

who are we? we are
shadow and mirror
we look at each other all day
we have no feature, we
have no texture

(see us silhouetting
the wall and filling the window,
making predictions)

we think with
the voices of crows
we are watching hopeless trees
with hard yellow eyes

(we are making sunlight
we are melting the snow)

-- Joyce Odam

Sacramento CA

PORTRAIT NR. 31

the teaspoons are electrified today
there is strychnine in the coffee
the cakes have a tinge
of sudden death

the sofa springs are asymmetric
and insanely provided with
land mines by each plate
a piece of plastic marzipan entices

already the doorbell smoulders
suspiciously and the doormat
coughs with static electricity
in the wc bowl an alligator gargles

the small glasses and the vitriol carafe
are set out the invitations
sent off lovingly signed with
explosive pencil

soon our girlfriends will arrive

TO LOVE

Denmark's number one swinger --
that's me now, definitely.
13,800 streetlights in Copenhagen and
Fredericksberg
are witness now of my eternal, undying
patented love